ARE VERY REASONABLE AND

VOL. VII.

HARTFORD, KY., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1894.

HAVE YOU PAID

NO. 8.

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UNIQUE PROFESSORSHIPS.

Not All the Learning in the Land is Housed in Colleges.

A Once Honored Title That Is No Longer Distinctive Some Interesting and Amusing Stories of These Later-Day Professors.

Nowadays the professors in our colleges would do well to be addressed simply as "Mr. Smith," "Mr. Jones," the title "professor" being no longer distinctive. A short time ago, as I walked

through the hall leading to my boarding house bedroom, I was sur- one. prised to see the door open and a man on his knees in the corner. I inquired of the chambermaid why he was there. "Oh, he's all right," she auswored.

"He's Prof. Wilkins." Prof. Wilkins! Had the man sud denly gone mad? or had he discovered some new specimen of animated

nature in my department? "Why did you bring him up here?" I asked. "I always wish to have callers wait for me in the par-

"Oh," giggled the girl, "what would be be in the parlor for? He's Prof. Wilkins, the mouse man. Some of the boarders complained there was mice in the house, and he's looking for them!"

When I interviewed Prof. Wilkins, he informed me that he was a professor of rodentology, and I found that his mind really had a scientific turn. He gave me some interesting facts in connection with the mousecatching business. One tale was of a lady who was sued by her maid for damages, because in her terror at discovering a mouse in a sugar basin, she had flung mouse, sugar

and basin at the girl's head. fluence of certain conditions on dreams. The professor assured me that one of his customers dreamed of mice whenever she ate cheese!

On the register of a hotel in a western town I read: "Prof. Pek-kins and staff." A geological survey was in progress. Probably, I reflected, Prof. Pekkins was conducting it.

That night, through the transom of my door, I heard an unusually penetrating voice instructing a class, but the subject was not geology. The stranger was giving points to his agents on setting forth the merits of a certain soap. The principal point was the purity of the ingredients. The oil used was of such quality that in the soap factory, at the lunch hour, the operatives left the butter provided for them, preferring to dip their bread in the sweet and delicious oil. This was no

reflection on the butter, which was best creamery. I was so interested in this stranger that I inquired of the clerk: "Who

has the room opposite mine?" "Prof. Pekkins and two of his

Prof. Pekkins was a professor of savouology! Prof. Null, tonsorial artist, lives

across the border. Shortly after his marriage, walking with his darkskinned bride, he met a customerone of the Four Hundred of this city. "Mistah Blankins," he exclaimed, blocking the way of the astonished man, "Mistah Blankins, pahmit me to intahduce Mrs. Prolessah Null. Mrs. Professah Null, Mistah Blankins." - Kate Field's

ALL FOR A POSTAGE STAMP. How the Rule of the Dead Letter Of-

fice Worked in One Instance. The rule of the dead letter office is to make extraordinary effort to return all missent letters which are found to contain money. But blind obedience to this rule is the basis of an entertaining story. A boy'in the Indian school on the Skokomish reservation, which is about three miles from the post office of Union City, Wash., wrote a letter to his brother

at Seabeek some time ago, inclosing n it a small sum of money. He also wrote on the envelope that f it should not be delivered in proper time it was to be returned to the writer. His brother did not call for it and it was returned to Union City. The postmaster there had not heard



y is now, if you feel that you have to cure order. Don't wait until you have to cure sease; it's easier and better to present it.

With the first blotches or eruption, or the allness, weariness, and depression that are one of the symptoms, you need this medi ine. It will rouse every organ into health ection, thoroughly cleanse and repair you ystem, and build up needed feeh, health and strength. It's the only guaranteed blocramedy. In the most stubborn Skin example, it is the worst forms of Sercula; in every disease caused by a torpid live or impure blood—if it ever fails to benefit cure, you have your money back.

No substitute urged by a tricky deal though it may be better for him to sell, e be "just as good" for you to buy.

or the boy, and on Inquiry failed to find him. Accordingly he sent the letter to the dead letter office.

On arrival here it was opened, and It had money in it; it was returned to Union City with a long letter of instructions to find the writer if possible. After inquiry the boy was at last found and was requested to go in person, claim the letter and recelpt for it, and the postmaster had to go through as much red tape as if the letter contained one thousand dollars. The joke becomes evident when it is known that the money in the letter amounted to only a onecent postage stamp and a copper cent.—N. Y. Tribune.

Horse Sense.

When a man has exhausted argument to support a deceit be resorts to wagers and vituperation. Bluff is an old game, but usually a losing one. -- Medical Age.

An English Charity.

The English custom of almsgiving is, on Thursday of holy week, to give money, food and clothing to as many persons as the sovereign is years old, the number of beneficiaries being thus annually increased by The custom was begun by Edward III., in 1363, when he was fifty years old, and is continued without change to the present day.

Too Much Science in the Beer.

A good tale is told of the late Prof. Tyndail about the time he was a master at Queenwood college, Hants. The village innkeeper had a capital tap of home-brewed oid-fashioned ale, which the educational staff much fancied. Years passed on, but the scent of the roses remained, and when the professor ran over to look once more at his starting point in life he went down for a glass of the well-remembered brew. "Simpkinson," said he, after a delicious draught, "I never had any beer like yours since I went away." "No, sir; nowadays they puts too much science into beer 'stead of malt and hops."

-Food and Sanitation. Public Speaking. B L. D. Guffy, Republican candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals in the 2d District, will address the people at the following times and places, viz:

Leitchfield, Grayson county, September 20th, 1894. McDaniels, Breckenridge county,

Friday, September 21st. Hardinsburg, Breckenridge couny, Saturday, Sept 22d.

Cloverport, Breckenridge county, Saturday night, Sept 22d. Brandenburg, Meade county, Mon-

lay, Sept. 24th. Hawesville, Hancock county, Tueslay, September 25th.

Owensboro, Daviess county, Wed- to make it a success. resday, September 26th. Calhoon, McLean county, Thurs-

day, Sept. 27th. Livermore, McLean county, Frilay, September 28th.

South Carrollton, Muhlenberg county, Saturday, Sept. 29th.

Central City at night. Speaking will commence at one clock p. m, at each place except Cloverport and Central City, where the speaking will commence at 7 p.m.

MORGANTOWN, Ky., Aug, 28. Cant. D. C. Walker, Ch'm'n Dem. Dist. Com., Franklin, Ky., Dear Sir:-If agreeable with Judge W. L. Reeves and his friends a joint discussion is desired between him and Judge B. L. D. Guffy. Will you at your earliest convenience consult Judge Reeves and agree on some friend who, with a friend of Judge Guffy, shall agree upon a list of appointments to begin not later than the

15th of September, 1884. An early answer is requested. Your obedient servant,

W. S. TAYLOR, Ch'm'n Rep. Dis. Com.

The foregoing 'exter was mailed to Capt. Walker twenty-ninth of August, last. It has not been answered, hence the above list of appointments for Judge Guffy has been made. W. S. TAYLOR.

September 8, 1894.

STANLEY.

We need rain very much, though rops are good for the season. Mr. Masterson, who has charge of

the axe bandle department of Sheffers' grist mill, is pushing things rapidly. He is going to add another saw soon. He gets up three car loads each month.

Dr. L. T. Cox has sold his farm to the Thompson Bros. and contemplates going into the drug business. Birk & Washburn, the new dry goods and grocerymen, are doing a

big business. The Baptist Church here is almost completed. Bro. Bristo held services here the first Sunday,

Mr. C. C. Bennett, of Owensboro, has moved to our little town and will soon build on the farm he recently bought near this place.

The Republicans of Stanley precinct are stirred up very much and will vote the Republican ticket raight through. E. T. Franks went down, who was our choice-we

The writer had recently the pleas-

ure of hearing Hon. Bill Ellis deliver a speech in behalf of the Democratic party, in which he said that Congress had fulfilled every pledge in the Chicago platform in which they said free trade. What about sugar, which under the McKinley bill was tree and under the Wilson law 40c tariff.

Owing to the dry weather Smith & Cambron have had quite a failure in the watermelon business, only had thirty-five acres planted and yield was short.

The farmers are busy cutting to

Succe-s to THE REPUBLICAN.

Every Town Ha

A sponger, A smart Aleck. It scheet men, A blatherskite,

Some pretty girls, A girl who giggles, A weather prophet, A neighborhood feud,

Half a dozen lunacies, A woman who 'a tles, A justice of the peace, A man-who-knows-it all,

One Jacksonian Dam scrat. More loaters than it needs, Men who see every dog-fight, A boy who cuts up in church, A tew meddlesome old won en,

A "thing" that stares at women,

A stock law that is not enforced, A widower who is too gay for his Some men who make remarks about

A preacher who thinks he ought to run the town, A few who know how to run the af-

tairs of the country. A grown young man who laughs very time he says anything. A girl who goes to the post-office

every time the mail comes, A legion of smart Aleeks who can tell the editor how to run his paper, Scores of men with the caboose of their trowsers worn smooth as glass. A man who grins when you talk and laughs out loud after he has said

something I - Western Paper

You cannot spend a week more profita bly than attending the Ohio County Fair. Its management has left nothing undone

Public Spenking. The following is a list of appointments for the county candidates as agreed upon by the different committees They will speak at the following times and places in the month of Oc-

Hartford-Monday, 1st.

Victory Schoolhouse -at night. Sulphur Springs-Tuesday, 2d. Horse Branch - Wednesday, 3d. Rosine-Thursday, 4th. Mount Pleasant-at night. Select-Friday, 5th. Cromwell-at night, Beaver Dam-Saturday, 6th. Prentis-Monday, 8th. McHenry-Tuesday, 9th, at night Centeriown-Wednesday, 10th. Point Pleasant-Toursday, 11th Equality-at night. Ceralvo-Friday, 12th, at night. Rockport-Saturday, 13th. Beda-Monday, 15th. Buford-Tuesday, 16th, at night Bells Run-Wednesday, 17th. Magan--Thursday, 18th. Deanefield-at night Fordsville--Saturday, 20th. Shreve--Monday, 22d.

Olaton-Tuesday, 23d. All day speakings to begin at or o'clock, promptly. G. B. LIKENS, Ch'm'n Dem. Com. E. D. GUPFY, Ch'm'n Rep. Com. J. P. MILLER, C'hm'n PP



crushes it and the nail turns black and comes off The thumb swells and is poulticed and the man "lays up." Now look at another case. The thumb was smashed just the same but the man

was not laid up a hour! He had hour! He had le pourse soul a commer a Golden Relief he poured some into a cup and dipped his thumb in it as soon as hurt. It is now covered with a thin piece of cloth and kept wet with the Relief. He works and kept wet with the Relief. He works as usual. It is not sore though yet raw. It has not swelled. No matter will form. He will work with it right along and in a day or two it will be well. Inflammation cannot exist where it is applied, any more than the morning dew can continue under the bright sun rays. Used externally and internally and cures colic, summer complaints, flux, dyspepsis, etc., etc., also 5 drops on a small lump of sugar once in two hours cures sore throat and consumption. In fact it cures any disease that has Inflammation in it. One tablespoonful dose cures La Grippe. Never disappoints. Safe and certain. Money refunded if satisfaction not given. Take a bottle home to-day.

SAVED BY A GIRL

"Yes, my hair is white for a man of my years," said be, running his shapely fingers through the snowwhite locks. "But then I have seen a great deal of the world, you know. Sometimes I think it would have

"But what caused your hair to turn so white? It cannot be age, for, if I am a judge, you are not over

The major laughed.
"No. I was forty on my last birthday, and my hair has been its present shade for the last ten years." "Come, major, I'm sure there is a

story here. Let's have it." Again the major smiled, but this time a perceptible tremor shook his

time," he said. "But be it as you need it to strengthen your nerves,

I'm very sure." my feet. All nature was at her

best, and yet a feeling of indescrib-"On I stumbled, deep in my gloomy meditations, when suddenly I nearly fell over a girl, clad in a single calico garment, who was kneeling beside a hawberry bush filling a pail with the fruit. The surprise was mutual and she started up like a frightened fawn. Without disparagement of the sex I can safely say that no plainer women exist on the continent than the average female moonshiner. As the girl turned, however, she displayed a face in pleasing contrast with the characteristic high cheek bones and 'ague' complexion of that section. Her oval features, brown as a berry, but regular in outline, set off by a pair of ruby lips and jet black eyes,

of any fashionable belle. " 'Wha' be you un a-going?' she asked, with a startled air. "'I'm an artist,' I replied, 'come

to sketch some bits of scenery. am looking for Jerry Bowman.' "'Wha' you want wi' him?' "'I am going to board at his

"'Huh! Then you un wants Ole "'I was uncertain, but nodded. By this time I had drawn a pad from

over my shoulder and asked: "'How long be you un a-goin' ter 'Just over night,' I replied.

"She gazed at the scrawl and said: "'Wall, I guess you un can come "Up the tortuous path, twisting now to the right and now to the left, we went, till suddenly the gir pushed aside the thick undergrowth and darted along a trail leading directly into the heart of the forest. I said not a word, but did considerable thinking, as now and then a protruding hawberry briar tore its way into my flesh, or a stiff twig, bent forward by my guide, with a 'zip' flew back, striking me across the face. Suddenly I heard a howling shrick. The girl gave a low, peculiar whistle, and the next instant four large curs were pawing at her feet, and in a most uncomfortable

manner sniffing at my heels. "This is pap,' the girl whispered.
This is Ole Hoss, the man you un is

'Whence he came and how he got myself; but there he was, armed to the teeth, a large hunting-knife in his belt, a shotgun on his shoulder, and the mountaineer's grin on his

manded. "'I am an artist,' I replied, 'and Jim Bludsoe, whom I met in the village, thought I could get board with

This was much easier than I had expected. Jerry, or 'Ole Hoss, was none other than the man I was

denly turned away. There was something familiar in his features' but I could not place him.

Highest of all in Leavening Power .- Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

# ABSOLUTELY PURE

small affair with two rooms. quired.

been better if I had not."

"I never like to think of that Have a fresh cigar; you will

"When I was thirty years old I was employed by Uncle Sam to scour the country for moonshiners. My territory lay mostly in the southern states. It was in 1881 that I received an order from the chief of the division to go into the Tennessee region and locate several stills that were turning out kegs of illicit liquor near Little Tucksoe. I was of a light-hearted, dare-devil disposition, and usually such an order would have spurred me to my best; but on this September morning. when, leaving civilization behind, I struck the trail leading up the side of Little Tucksoe, a strange feeling of foreboding came over me. The birds twittered about my head, and the purling brook rippled beneath

would compare favorably with those

house.'

my pocket and began making hurried marks on it. The girl peered

a-lookin' fur.' there I was never able to explain to

"'Wha' do you un want?' he de-

you for a day or so.' "'Jim's friends are mine," said, with a sidelong glance. 'Come

"As we emerged from the wood into the clearing, a lank, slab-sided specimen of humanity approached; he was about to speak to Jerry when his eyes fell upon me, and he sud-

"'Old Hoss' passed on and I folowed him into his cabin. It was a

"'One we uns live in,' he explained, 'an the wimmen sleeps in t'other. " 'Where do the men sleep?' I in-

"Oh, we uns bunks down thar in ther corner.' "The 'wimmen folks' retired early that night, and I sought rest on a blanket that had evidently seen several summers and innumerable hard frosts. I was very tired, and, though

and take a view of the premises, I fell asleep. "I was awakened by the pressure of something cold against my fore. M. L. HEAVRIN. SHELBY TAYLOR. head, and, opening my eyes, looked into the muzzle of a revolver, while

I intended to rise when all was quiet

the voice of my host said: "'Ef yer moves a hand, off goes yer topknot!' "What does this mean?' I demanded, in my sternest tones.

"'It means that we uns are onto ou un-that's all.' "Several other figures now stood over my courch, and my genial host ""Wall, shall we uns finish him

now, or wait?" "'Le's take him outside,' one suggested. "After they had bound me hand and foot I was carried into the open air. A short consultation was held,

the but.' " 'Naw,' said one brawny fellow, 'he ain't bad es that. Besides, Pete may be mistaken.' "'It ain't too much,' asserted my

and I caught the words, 'down ter

host. 'It's jest what he dissarves, and it'll prove an example to the others. "There was some more discussion; rival Pete Sandford, a member of the gang, whose still I had aided in destroying some time previously, but who had escaped from the officers, had recognized me as a de-tective who had come under the guise of friendship to land them all in prison, and that I was to be left

in the hut. "This failed to strike terror to my soul, however, as I supposed they would merely leave me there over night, and I should then have a possible chance of escape. Had I known the true nature of my punishment I would have begged my captors to mercifully put a bullet through my

"They carried me to the hut, and one of the men carefully opened the door and peered in. He took a torch and thoroughly inspected every nook before entering. Finally, bound hand and foot, I was laid on a pile of husks in one corner. Then the men departed without even closing the door. I was highly elated at this oversight, and lay, endeavoring to muster strength to break my bonds, when I heard a rustling, gliding sound in one corner of the room. Could it be that some other human creature was imprisoned with me? No, it must be the wind outside. Then from the long, dark opening, used as a fireplace, came a similar sound, another and another. What was it? What

could this mean? "Suddenly I felt something glide across my legs as they lay bound on the foot of the bed, and the awful horror of the situation that my persecutors had devised dawned on me. I was in a den of snakes? If I moved I was a dead man. Sick with terror, I became unconscious.

"I awoke lying beside the road. The moon was shining full in my face, and bending over me was the girl I had met in the afternoon. ""Twar a clus call for you un, she said. 'I heerd pap'n the fellers

a-talkin' ez heaow they left yer here; an' when I got er chance I come to " 'How did you do it?' I gasped. "'Huh!' I'm used ter snakes, but

"'What is it?' I asked, moved by her distress. "'I-I dassent go hum, fur dad will kill me. "That's how my hair got white,"

"The girl began to sob.

said the major, as he threw away the stump of his cigar. "But the girl?" said I. "Oh, she is in the next room with the children; she is my wife."-N.

Y. Journal. Can Plants See?

Is it true that plants can see?

Darwin answers this question in the affirmative, and a Hindoo botanist reports some strange experiences which also tend to confirm this opinion. Thus, he observed one morning, when taking his siesta in his veranda, that the tendrils of a certain species of the convolvulus had wound around his thigh. Thereupon, he placed a long pole near the plant in such a manner that the latter had to turn away from the light in order to reach it. Then he found that the tendrils visibly turned toward the pole, around which they had wound themselves within a few hours.-N. Y. Tribune.

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